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DR. BOOKER'S TOBIAS.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE GREAT CHARLES
THE FIRST
BY
JOHN BURNET
OF THE SOCIETY OF THE APOSTOLICAL APOSTLES
IN THE CITY OF LONDON
AND
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN THE YEAR 1649

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THE HISTORY OF THE

TOBIAS,

A POEM.

LINES TO WHICH THE PLATE REFERS.

It was a garden, where commingling sweets,
Breath'd from innum'rous flow'rs, fill'd all the air,
And shadowy trees with luscious fruits were hung.
---There, ere he spake, amaz'd, with radiant light
They saw his brow encircled, and his form
Assume surpassing grace. On either cheek
Sate more than mortal beauty,--bloom more soft
Than tint of dewy rose. Benignant Love
Beam'd from his piercing eye; and lustrous wings,
Whiter than cygnet's down, expanding grew
On his fair shoulders. Round him was a robe
Cerulean wreath'd, of gossamer--instinct
With stars of living light and dropt with gold.
While through the ambient air such sweetness stole,
That earth seem'd heav'n.

* * * * *

And lo! while, reverent, the astonish'd pair
Adoring bow'd, far-beaming glories shone
Around their angel-guest: when, upward borne,
Majestic, in a flood of amber light
He vanish'd!

SEE PART iii. LINE 298, &c.

T O B I A S:

A POEM,

IN THREE PARTS,



BY THE REV^d LUKE BOOKER, LL. D.

11



Drawn, & Engraved by F. Eginton Birm'g

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER,

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

AS A CHARACTERISTIC TRIBUTE

TO

EXALTED PIETY,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S DUTIFUL,

AND MUCH OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

0157254

PREFACE.

THE following Poem is constructed upon the story of Tobit. Such story being apocryphal, the author conceived himself at liberty to treat it in the manner he has done, *i. e.* to do what every dramatic and every epic writer scruples not to do; namely, clothe the tale or history selected by their Muse in their own language. Neither did he deem himself bound to observe that strict adherence to Order and to Fact which the canonical parts of Scripture absolutely require. Had he been employed upon that hallowed ground, he most certainly would not have presumed to "add thereto or diminish" a single iota; nor scarcely to have "used his own words." Whereas, in the present instance it will be seen that he has added—especially in the department of Similes and Illustrations—very considerably: and in some cases, where poetical necessity seemed to require it, he has diminished. It will also be seen that, from

beginning to end, he has almost entirely used his own language. In short, the Incidents alone, with some few exceptions, are what he has kept in view: and these are as striking and as beautiful,—as natural and pathetic, as any that were ever comprized in one story. In the original they are detailed in simple narrative, without any descriptive colouring, and utterly devoid of comparison or adornment. That charming Simplicity he has all along endeavoured to retain, while weaving the Narrative into a Poem.—In a word, he has aimed to convert an open champaign Country, of uncommon interest, yet destitute of tree or flower, into a paradise,—interspersing throughout it only such objects as are consistent with the scene, and which, like indigenous productions, may be said to have sprung spontaneously from the soil.—To drop the metaphor—he has attempted to render the history of a pious, persecuted, yet not heaven-forsaken Family, more inviting to general readers; hoping, at the same time, that it will not prove less instructive.

Thus much he conceived it necessary to say respecting the Poem. It is also necessary, perhaps, to say something respecting the Title he has given it. He chose to denominate it *TOBIAS*, because that Title was not præoccupied by any other Writer. And when is con-

sidered the great share of Interest Tobias affords to the subject; who may be termed the *pious Æneas* of the piece; it will be allowed not improperly to bear his Name, rather than that of his venerable Father. If, however, the author, in this or any other conclusion, be wrong, he trusts he shall be corrected in his error by discerning and candid criticism; whose Strictures, for the future improvement of his poem, he will receive with Thankfulness, and whose Approbation he will deem an Honour.



ARGUMENT

OF

THE FIRST PART.



The Name and Memory of a good man imperishable---evinced in the Example of Tobit, the father of Tobias. His distinguished piety amidst an idolatrous kindred. He marries, and is blessed with a Son, Tobias---is carried away captive from his native place to Nineveh---his virtuous behaviour in captivity---conciliates the favour of the reigning prince, who appoints him to an office of trust and power in the province. His beneficence to the distressed companions of his captivity---incurs by this conduct the displeasure of the tyrant Sennacherib, and flies to save his life. The scenes of his concealment described. The tyrant being slain, he returns from his wanderings to Nineveh --celebrates there an annual feast, and sends his son Tobias to seek and bring thereto his poor fellow-exiles. An incident, that turns the house of feasting into a house of mourning. The father of Tobias is struck with blindness---becomes despondent, and prays for death---delivers a variety of counsels and instructions to his son---informs him of a sum of money lent to his brother Gabael at Rages; which he bids him go to regain, after a proper guide has been found to conduct him thither. Such an one is soon met with in the person of Azarias, who appears to them to be a young man, but is, in reality, an angel, with whom Tobias departs for Rages. After his departure, Anna his mother deploras his absence, and despairs of his safe return. Her husband consoles her.

TOBIAS,
A
SACRED POEM.

PART THE FIRST.

WHAT tho' the viewless wing of hoary Time
Sweep o'er the good Man's grave, and age on age
In slow succession awful roll along—
Still shall his Virtues, like Asbestos' pow'r,
Enshrine his Name in brightness. Vainly yawns 5
Oblivion's gulf, and vainly lifts the arm
Old ruthless Ruin, to shake down his Fame,
And wreck his well-earn'd Glory: Honour plants
Around his dust her amaranth, and bids
His Memory be immortal.—Such high Worth 10

In olden days a friendless Orphan grac'd ;
 And Tobit was his Name. No boast had he
 Of proud progenitors ; himself the root
 Of his inglorious line whence Goodness sprang :
 All else a tribe idolatrous and rude, 15
 God's holy fane forsaking. Ere yet beam'd
 Warm on his cheek the purple light of youth,*
 To Solyma his course was duly steer'd :
 His abject kindred Baal's court the while
 Crouded, and impious bent the adoring knee 20
 Before the insensate god. He, he alone
 To heav'n's High King breath'd uncorrupted pray'r,
 And offer'd, as that Sov'reign's law ordain'd,
 Each grateful tribute ; tythes, and copious fruits
 First yielded ; of his fleecy flocks what first 25
 Was shorn.† These, at God's bidding, to his priests
 He willing gave, and blessings crown'd the gift.

* *Lumenque juventæ purpureum.*

VIRG.

† *Exod. xxii. 29. Deut. xii. 6.*

Thus good, thus gentle, lov'd of God and man,
To years he grew of hale maturity ;
When Anna, fairest of Judea's tribe,
His virtues won ; and to their nuptial bliss
Was added, much desir'd, a blooming boy.
But blooming boys, and nuptial bliss, and Worth,
Avail not, oft, to shield the heart from woe.
This Tobit found. And, undespondent, hence
Learn, O ye Good ! affliction's ills to bear.

What time the sceptre Enemessar sway'd
O'er proud Assyria's realm, to Nineveh
A sorrowing Captive, from his native plains,
Tyrant-Oppression dragg'd the hapless swain.
Yet no mistrust of Heav'n e'er shook his mind.
Amid a recreant tribe, lur'd by the rites
Detestable of Nineveh's base sons,
Who sensual revell'd in unhallow'd joys---
He walk'd unblamably ; and from his lips
Arose exulting praises, lowly pray'r.

—To Temperance lost, an irreligious crew,
Regardless of their Seer's restrictive Law,
His kindred on forbidden meats regal'd ;
While he, tho' urg'd by Nature's keenest need, 50
Abstain'd, abhorrent, fix'd, inflexible ;
Aw'd by the sanctions of that holy Law,—
And thoughts of God's strict Justice.—Acts like these
Just Heav'n ordain'd should favouring grace inspire
In Nineveh's dread Prince,—who rais'd to pow'r 55
The trusty Captive. Now, with means to bless
So amply gifted, he the succouring hand
Out-stretch'd to all that met his pitying eye.
Early imbued with soft Compassion's balm,
By aged Worth, the mother of his Sire, 60
Gladness he planted on the pallid cheek
Of fainting Hunger ; and the shivering limbs
Of houseless Poverty, when cold winds blew,
Cloth'd he with Comfort. Nor did he withhold
Ev'n from the Dead kind Service. All their wrongs
Concluded, he his fellow-captives bore [65

To where the grief-worn sufferer rests in peace,
 And kings and captives share a common lot.
 Thither his royal patron gone—these deeds
 Which won his eulogy and favouring smile, 70
 The tyrant's ire, who to th' imperial throne
 Next rose awaken'd ;—he, the foe malign
 Of God and goodness (Oh prepost'rous guilt !)
 For these decreed Destruction. But that Wing
 Which o'er the head of Virtue oft is spread 75
 Protective, shielded Tobit from the blow.
 Far fled God's servant: yet his perilous flight
 Was cheer'd, not by his Anna or his son.

Thro' darksome glens he solitary roam'd,
 And wild woods mantled with entangling briars,--• 80
 Remotest haunts from danger ;—unexplor'd,
 Save by the woodman or the rustic hind,

• *Silva fuit, latè dumis atque ilice nigra*

Horrida, quam densi complêrant undique sentes. VIRG.

When from his herd perchance some truant stray'd.
Of scrip devoid and all-procuring wealth,
Precarious was his fare and hardly found,--- 85
Earth-roots, and blushing berries, and the dole
Of feeling Poverty. His fiery thirst
Was sooth'd by waters welling from the side
Of some high rock, ne'er visited by ray
Of solar orb. Recumbent there at noon, 90
The murmuring rivulet and sighing gale,
Accordant with his sorrows, grateful sleep
Invited.——But ere twice the lucent Moon
Her lamp had hung amid the glittering gems
That stud the wide cerulean dome of night, 95
His woes and wanderings ceas'd---the cause no more.
The tyrant from whose vengeance dire he fled,---
The rancorous hater of his captive-tribe,
Fell!---fell, e'en by the parricidal arm
Of his own sons: *---when, to high office rose 100

* Isaiah xxxvii, 37, 38.

One, nobly-daring, who the friend became
Of injur'd Tobit : one whose generous mind,
Warm with the glow of Virtue's holy flame,
Had mark'd,—had felt the Captive's pious deeds,
Which wrought his present woe. That statesman sage
From dark concealment soon, applauding, call'd
The fearful fugitive.

To home restor'd,---

To wife and son belov'd---at hallow'd feast
Of Pentecost, when glad carousals cheer'd 105
Judea's children, the gay festive board,
At Tobit's bidding, laughing Plenty crown'd.
Yet, ere the scantiest morsel to his lips
Uplifting, thus he spake his duteous son :
“ Lo ! He who Good dispenses, bounteous here 110
“ Hath shower'd his blessings---more abundant far
“ Than claims our need. Go, seek the famish'd Poor,
“ Our exil'd fellows ; who, tho' goaded much
“ By keen-fang'd Hunger, ne'er, despondent, raise
“ Against Jehovah an accusing eye. 115

“ Seek, and them hither bring ; that they God’s gifts
“ Welcome may share.”

Sweet to the tender breast
Is Pity’s duty. What will not the Good
Gladly forego, Want’s victims to relieve ?
---On lightest foot, and quicken’d by a heart 120
More warm than spring---Tobias hied away ;
Nor tarried long in absence.---But the course
How short from Joy to Sorrow ! Soon his path
Was thwarted by a pallid corse, deep gash’d,
And all-distain’d with gore ! one of his tribe,--- 125
His hapless tribe---murder’d !——The tidings sad,
Much griev’d, heard gentle Tobit ; who his house,
Where smok’d the festive board, with anxious speed
Relinquish’d, and the mangled stranger bore
To safe concealment, till that secret hour 130
When sleep reigns softly o’er a weary world.
This done, ablutions purified his frame
From mortal taint. Then to the waiting feast
Dejected he return’d,---the loathed food

Bathing with tears ; while, agoniz'd, his mind 135

Whisper'd the prophet's well-remember'd strain :

“ The feasts of guilty Juda shall be turn'd

“ To bitter fastings, and their mirthful songs

“ To Lamentation's heart-afflicting cries.” *

Deep pondering thus he sate, till friendly Night 140

Her dewy mantle o'er the face of things

Threw darkling. Fearless then of prying Hate,

He, to the grave his pious hand had delv'd,

Convey'd the murder'd. But Malignity

Who can escape, when, vigilant to harm, 145

It marks the Good for vengeance ? Him a spy

Vindictive thus assail'd : “ Lo ! this the man

“ Who, to outstrip swift-footed Justice, far

“ Fled, and whom Mercy lenient late recall'd.

“ Yet, irreclaimable by grace, behold, 150

* Amos viii. 10.

“ Again the rebel dares our Prince’s ire
“ With like transgression : Lenity misus’d
“ On those vile aliens of Judæan race.”

But Tobit faced Duty’s onward path
Dauntless pursued ; and, decent in the grave 155
Dispos’d the blood-stain’d corse. Then, sighing deep,
With solemn step and slow, his outer court
He sought : forbearing to rejoin his friends,
Till the decreed ablutions should again
Cleanse from the tainting touch of grisly Death. 160
There, forrowing, he, beneath the beetling walls
Of his rude dome, repos’d his weary limbs ;
The night-dews on his naked head the while
Fast falling, cold. Yet he, with pious eye,
Gaz’d on the starry canopy sublime : 165
Long time he gaz’d ; and when the morning pour’d
Its renovated splendours o’er the east,—
To him, alas ! those splendours shone in vain.

Darkness had shed her thick and filmy scales,
His orbs eclipsing.

Helpless now and blind,--- 170

The relics of his former affluence gone,---

No soothing stay,---no tutelary friend

Had he, save one,—the partner of his soul,

Whom heav'n assign'd him, sharer of his lot,—

His faithful Anna. Unrepining, she 175

A seamstress' task discharg'd, and daily food

Earn'd thrifful.——But, ah! what is human aid

To him whose head is whelm'd in misery?

Vainly does Friendship's sympathetic tear

Embalm the pang of Grief, if from above 180

Descend not Consolation. That to win,

These orisons, to Him who gracious hears

The sigh of Faith, all-reverent, Tobit pour'd:

“O Thou! whose works thine attributes declare,--

“Justice, and Mercy, and Eternal Truth,--- 185

“Remember me, and with compassionate eye

“ My sins regard ! nor mine alone, but those
“ Of my fore-fathers,---noted in thy book,
“ A num’rous train ! For we thy dread commands,
“ Mid trembling Sinäi’s thunders loud promulg’d, 190
“ Have, impious, disobey’d. Hence, outcasts vile,
“ Are we dispers’d among the nations round,
“ To Scorn expos’d, Captivity, and Death :---
“ Death, the Unhappy’s friend ; in whose kind arms
“ Affliction sleeps in peace, and where the rage 195
“ Of rancorous Malice aims its shafts in vain.
“ Thither, Oh ! thither lead me, and mine eyes,
“ Sightless and dark, seal in the kindred tomb !
“ While, proudly buoyant o’er a wretched world,
“ My liberated soul to realms of peace, 200
“ Where happy spirits wander, rapt may fly.”

He ceas’d. Then thoughtful of what ills betide
The lonely Widow, onward glanc’d his view
Into futurity ; when, shou’d his pray’r [205
Be heard, his faithful wife might need a Friend,---

To make his Son that Friend---with melting speech
Him thus he fondly counsell'd: "Hear, my Son,
A Father's words affectionate: Oh, hear,
And lay them, precious, in thy inmost soul. —
When I am dead, my care-worn limbs convey 210
To decent burial; and my widow'd wife,
Thy tender Mother, venerate, and cheer
Her lot forlorn. One cruel pang from thee
Let her ne'er feel. Remember, ere the light [215
Of heav'n thou saw'st---when thou wert in her womb--
What countless, nameless ills for thee she bore:
And since thy natal hour, what anxious cares,
What deeds of tenderness---innum'rous too.
These, O my Son! remember. And when Death
Smites her fair form, fast by my mould'ring bones 220
Her dear-lov'd relics lay,---one grave our bed;
One verdant sod our mingling wedded dust
Soft covering. This last filial office done,
Daily bow down before th' Eternal's throne;
And, His behests regarding, far aloof 225

From sordid sin, in the plain open path
Of uprightness, do thou thy steady course
Onward pursue; and may exhaustless streams
Of Good flow round thee, while the cherub Peace
Sits smiling at thy door.---Thyself thus blest'd, 230
When Poverty with haggard look implores
Thy succouring dole, with cold averted eye
Mock not its misery: and, in Need's dark hour,
The face of God, effulgent, from thy suit
Shall ne'er be turn'd, leaving thy troubled soul 235
In perilous gloom,---as when opposing spheres
Eclipse the Sun's resplendent orb---with dread
Filling the nations.

“As by God enrich'd,
Accordant give. If his all-bounteous hand
Strew plenty round thee, plenteously impart. 240
If scant thy means, and those severely earn'd,
Still, fearless of contemned Penury,
E'en of thy little All some portion spare.
For alms, the offering of a liberal mind

To suffering Want, that mind will kindly cheer, 245
Shou'd the rude hand of stern Necessity
Assail its peace -- Jehovah's smile divine
Its hopes sustaining.

“ Nor to God and man

Alone be each appropriate duty paid;
But reverence too thyself, and timely curb 250
The fiery passions; which, within thy breast,
Will rise and mutiny 'gainst Virtue's law.
The blushless harlot's prostituted charms,
Disgusted, flee. Yet Female Loveliness,
By Modesty's retiring grace adorn'd, 255
Courteous admire; and one such pleasing Form
Secure thine own, by Wedlock's holy bond;---
One of thy tribe, and whose resembling Faith,
Resembling Sentiment of heart and will
May in each breast inspire.

“ In all thy deeds 260

Observe strict justice; e'en to those who toil
Beneath thy roof, or in thy sultry field

For daily hire. This duly pay, when eve
Closes their labour, and sweet respite grants
To worldly care, prelusive of repose. 265

“ In all thy words let Prudence dictate speech :
And let no act escape thee, which thy heart
Holds base, and which, if by another done,---
Would harm or grieve thee. In thy festal hours
Let not Excess dethrone that guardian-pow’r 270
Within thee station’d by benignant Heav’n,
To steer thee safe amid the rocks and shoals
Of perilous life. Ask counsel of the wise,
And ponder well their speech : yet profitless
No counsel deem that points to general good. 275
But know, my son, that solely from above
Descends unclouded Wisdom. Thence deriv’d,
It shines a lamp divine, and safely guides
Mortals to prosp’rous issues ; while around
Rich blessings flow amid life’s varied scenes, 280
In tides abundant,---free as from the fount

Of heav'n's own light : yet not alike to all
Flowing beneficent ; but from the fons
Of Belial sole withheld, who walk in sin.

“ Oh, then, bethink thee of a father's words ; 285
And by their guidance shape thy future way.
That thou art poor repine not. Amplest wealth
Is their's who win the favouring smile of heav'n
By holy deeds. But thou art not devoid
Of earthly gold, if worth the seeking deem'd : 290
Talents twice five, committed long time since
To one I love, who bears a brother's name,
Where Rages' vallies bloom in lasting spring.
Gabael that name : behold his written pledge :
Which, ere the grave enclose me, thou shalt bear 295
To his far-distant home, and, at his hand
The entrusted sum receive.”

Tobias thus :

“ O Sire belov'd ! within my duteous breast

Thy valued counsels shall, while Memory lives,
 Be fondly treasur'd. But the far abode 300
 Of Gabael, how can my untravell'd feet
 E'er find?"---To whom the father: "Seek, my son,
 A trusty swain, who thee in Safety's path
 May thither guide; and to these circling arms
 In safety soon again restore my boy. 305
 ---Go; and thy search be happy."

Swift as flies

The winged arrow, hied the obedient son,
 At his lov'd father's bidding, and soon found
 A seemly stranger, ruddy as the morn,
 And graceful as the first of men, ere sin 310
 Blasted creation. Courteous him address'd
 Tobias, and in artless accents told
 His need and purpose. "I thy youthful steps
 Faithful will guide," rejoin'd the stranger-swain;
 "For whom thou seek'st full well I know, and where 315
 Rises his mansion in the Median plains."

He ceas'd : when, joying to have sped so soon,
Tobias, him embracing, thus exclaim'd :
“ Lo ! yonder, generous swain, my lowly home,
Where 'bide my parents ; who, thy goodness told, 320
Will gladly greet thee.”---Thither, nothing loth,
Repair'd the comely stranger ; when thus spake
The sightless sire : “ Thy proffer'd service, youth,
My thanks demands. But, ere thy zeal we trust,
Thy tribe reveal, and what thy stock and name. 325
Approving these, our son, our only pledge
Of love connubial, to thy faithful charge
Straight we commit : and, him restoring safe,
An ample meed awaits thee.”----He who seem'd
A mortal youth of most ingenuous mien--- 330
But who beneath that earthly semblance hid
A nature heavenly---thus, with accent bland,
Yet brief, as suiting dignity, replied :
“ My name is Azarias ;* and, my tribe

* The angel Raphael being sent by God in the form and appearance of a young man, was therefore to act and speak in that capacity : nor was it inconsistent for him to assume the name of

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And kindred stock declar'd, no harsh mistrust 335
Of me will reign within thee. Know then, fir,
Great Ananias boast I in the train
Of my fore-fathers : and if aught of good
Amid thy brethren lives---a brother, lo !
Now stands before thee." " Pardon," Tobit said, 340
" My wary speech, prompted by tenderest love
Of this our son. Thrice welcome to the roof
Of a poor blind old persecuted man,
Who truth and goodness kens not,---rarely met
In this false world by sharpest-sighted wight : 345
No marvel he, to whom that world---all dark---
Seems but a spacious tomb, in judging errs.
Again I sue thy pardon,---and again
Most cordial welcome give thee, gentle youth !
Descendant of a race for noble deeds 350
Far-famed ! Him boasted I my Friend,

Azarias, which signifies God's Help or Assistance; since he was commissioned to be an assistant and guide to Tobias in his journey; and therefore very properly concealed his angelic nature, that he might more conveniently execute such commission.

Whom "Ananias Great" thou truly nam'lt.
Together, once, to Salem's holy fane
We journied happy,---holding converse sweet
Of Him in whose dread Presence, prostrate low 355
We willing bow'd,---prime-fruits of fold and field
Presenting. Faithful, mid a faithless tribe,
Was found thy sire, great Samäia's son.
He worthy such a father,---worthy thou,
I nothing doubt, such high progenitors. 360
---Gladly, the guide and guardian of my boy,
Far hence I send thee, and no boding fear
Harbour of his safe travel and return.
---Go then, and may the pilgrim's God and Friend
Prosper your Way, and send his angel down 365
To shield you from each danger!"

On they went,
Meet salutation done,---and, by their side,
Tobias' dog---a social, faithful friend---
Bounded for joy.

Far other passion sway'd

His doating Mother. In deep thought absorb'd, 370
Silent awhile she fate,---then mournful said :
“ O husband ! why, on dangerous errand bent,
Hast thou my son sent from me ? He, the staff
Of our old age,---the solace of our days,
Is gone ! and never, never more, perchance 375
Will glad our home again !---Say, what is Life
Without him ? and how valueless the sum,
Compar'd with his well-being, which, expos'd
To distant peril, he is doom'd to seek ?
Enough of earthly substance yet is ours, 380
Us to sustain, and from the frowns of Want
To shield our son, when in the peaceful grave
Mould'ring we lie. Oh ! wherefore then, as dross
Didst thou not deem all Ophir's gold besides,---
Our only child in safety ? Lust of more 385
Has plung'd him into danger : and if Ill
Betide him, Sorrow shall our hoary hairs
Bow rudely to the dust.”

To whom her mate :

“ Mourn not, my Love ! and leave each anxious care
To those who know not God. Our darling boy 390
Again shall soon return. An angel-guide
That God will send to shield him with its wing,
When danger threatens, and supremely blest
His far-off journey.”——As fresh show’rs, distill’d
At summer-noon on some fair fainting flow’r, 395
This tender speech shed comfort on the heart
Of gentle Anna, by rude grief surcharg’d.
The gushing tear that trembled in her eye,
Stood glistening while he spake ; yet, like a drop
Of pearly dew that trembles on the thorn, 400
Till the bright sun dissolve it with his ray,
That tear fell not : for Consolation’s balm,
Soft as a Seraph’s voice, sooth’d her to peace.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT

OF

THE SECOND PART.



A brief description of the country through which the young travellers pass on the first day of their journey, when they reach the river Tigris; on whose banks they repose. In the morning, before they renew their journey, Tobias bathes in the Tigris, and is attacked by a river-monster, which is conquered and dragged to shore. Important uses for which certain portions of the monster are reserved. The two travellers pursue their journey; during which Azarias tells his young friend that the evening will bring them to the residence of Raguel, a cousin of Tobias, who has an only daughter of uncommon worth and beauty, whom he promises to gain for him in marriage. Tobias' fears on this subject,—the damsel having already had seven husbands, who were successively slain by a demon, on the first night of their nuptials. These fears combated and removed by Azarias, in a conversation that chiefly occupies their attention till they come within view of Ecbatane, the residence of Raguel. A description of that celebrated city, and of Raguel's abode. His cordial reception of the young travellers---is struck with the resemblance of Tobias to his father. Interrogatories and their answers. The travellers' visit celebrated by a feast. The mutual affection of Tobias and Sara. The former requests Azarias to prefer his suit to Raguel---who assents to, but strongly dissuades from, their nuptials, on the same grounds which had previously awakened the fears of Tobias. The determination of Tobias, and the conduct of Sara on the occasion. Their nuptials. The precautionary means of Tobias to defeat the deadly purpose of the Demon, who makes his attack, and is discomfited. The Demon described. A hymn of thanksgiving by the wedded pair. The dreadful apprehensions of Raguel and Edna removed. Their thank-offerings on the occasion, who order the nuptials to be celebrated for the space of fourteen days.

TOBIAS,
A
SACRED POEM.

PART THE SECOND.

SWEET are the wanderings of the Good, where rise
Around them, numberless, Creation's charms,
Declaring His beneficence and power
Who spake them into being,—hills and dales,
With verdure and umbrageous trees adorn'd,--- 5
Forest, or lesser wood, or lonely wild;
Scenes rudely-grand, untrick'd by mimic art,
Where Nature's charter'd tribes roam unconfin'd:---
Along such scenes, delighted, pass'd the swains
Whose path we trace. Unwearied hied they on 10
Till Evening's silver Star the front of heaven

He said, and vaulted from the verdant brink,
Breaking the watery mirror; whose light spray
Fled far and wide in shining drops around.

Scarce to the rippled surface had uprose
His buoyant silvery form, when, lo! that form 50
A huge and scaly monster fierce assail'd.
Ejecting from his nostrils fiery foam,
With jaws unfolded wide, he onward roll'd
Tremendous. Him Tobias' watchful dog
Espied, and, faithful, to his master swam, 55
Keeping' courageous the dire foe at bay;
While Azarias bade him guard his life,
Yet scorn base fear. The monster then he seiz'd,
And dragg'd him captive to the sandy shore. 60
This done, his trusty dog with ready zeal
Assisting, "Now," th' angelic Friend exclaim'd,
"His liver, bitter gall, and panting heart,
Pluck from his steamy breast. In safety these,

For after-purpose, sedulous dispose : 65

And what is needful for our morn's repast

From his vast carcase fever.---Lo ! a fire

Awaits the viand. Due refreshment ours,

The onward path invites us ; and what time

Yon orb, just rising, giant-like, to run 70

His daily course, shall reach his western goal,

Our way-worn feet a grateful pause shall find

From travel, in the abode of Raguël.

Thy kinsman he, for wealth and worth far-fam'd :

Whose daughter--offspring sole of Wedded Love, 75

As thou of thy fond parents---for bright charms

Boasts equal fame. Thine shall the damsel be :

And, her beholding, thou wilt none more fair

E'er wish to view.---Yet not for charms alone,---

The transient charms of Beauty, blooming soon 80

And soon declining, like the short-liv'd flow'r,

Is Sara the sweet theme of many a tongue :

Virtue, more lovely in so fair a form,*

* Gravior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.

VIRG.

Shines in her ev'ry deed, as mildly shines
With living lustre ev'ry star that gems 85
Th' unclouded face of heav'n.---By law divine,---
A law that points to kindred rights, her Sire
Must willing yield her unreluctant hand
To thee, soliciting the lovely Prize."
--To whom Tobias--" Tho' ten thousand tongues 90
Grew wanton in the praise of Sara's form,---
Her mental charms, and excellencies bright---
How rash were I to wish the Fair One mine !
Since Death must pay the purchase. For if Fame
Truly report, to sev'n young suitor-swains 95
Have her soft vows been plighted. But, dread tale !
Ere gain'd, with trembling haste, the nuptial couch
One of those swains, some Demon foul that burns
With flame unhallow'd for the lovely maid,
And vents in hellish hate his jealous ire, 100
Lifeless has laid each rival. — Say, Oh say,
Wherefore shou'd I his horrid vengeance share,
And, by my death untimely, hurry down
My being's aged authors to the grave ?"

Then Azarias thus : “ Like idle wind, 105
Have thy sage Father’s counsels pass’d away,---
Counsels, to me unbosom’d by thy tongue,
When yesternoon, while in the breezy shade,
From sultry heat retir’d, we press’d a bank
Broider’d with flow’rs, which the translucid stream 110
Kiss’d as most musically sweet it flow’d ?
Then, with a brother’s frankness, didst thou say,
“ Thus spake my Father : *Female Loveliness,*
By Modesty’s retiring grace adorn’d,
Courteous admire : and one such pleasing Form 115
Secure thine own, by Wedlock’s holy bond ;
One of thy tribe, and whose resembling Faith
Resembling Sentiment of heart and will
May in each breast inspire.---Of every harm*
Be reckless, then, from demon or from man. 120
With winning speech---yet true---addresses the maid,
Whose voice is music, and whose smile is love ;
And unaverted to thy tender suit

* See page 15.

Shall be her ear. Nor acquiescence kind,
From lips parental shall thy purpose need. 125
Thus, thine, the lovely damsel---Tobit, list
To these instructious for thy tenderest weal:
——Soon as soft twilight steals o'er ev'ry plain,
And the pale vesper-star shall rise to light
Thee to the bridal chamber, perfumes take, 130
Nard, and Sebëan gum---in censer meet,
Which shall, when touch'd with living fire, diffuse
A vapoury cloud of odours. Instant add
The liver and the heart thou hast in store,
Late pluck'd from thy assailant in the stream 135
Of rapid Tigris,---and from scent of these,
Aloof the Spirit-Fiend will wing his way,
Malign and dire,---but pow'rless thee to harm.
And oh withhold not at that awful hour,
The sweeter incense (orient from the soul 140
To Him whose mercy saves) of pray'r and praise.
By thee and thy fair bride be duly paid
This mutual offering, and propitious Heav'n

Shall bless your union with full tides of joy,
And blooming progeny, the fruits of love.——” 145

Such converse cheer'd them on their lengthen'd way,
Till, to their view, Ecbatanè's proud walls
Rose stately; walls præeminently grand.
High on a hill, majestic and sublime,
They towering stood,---Dejoces' royal work, 150
Encircling temples, palaces, and domes
With sev'n-fold strength, stupendous; sev'n the hues
Which crown'd their lofty battlements. The first
Was white as Parian stone; the second black
As raven's plume; the third empurpled rich 155
As throne imperial; azure beam'd the fourth,
Bright as the cloudless skies; the fifth afar
Glow'd like an orange grove with mellow fruit
Thickly instinct; the sixth all-glorious shone
With burnish'd silver, glistering in the rays 160
Of day's declining orb; the seventh, of gold,
Blaz'd with refulgent glory. This enshrin'd

The monarch's gorgeous mansion, stretching wide
Sev'n furlongs,---rear'd with art superlative.

Of molten silver were its transverse beams, 165

Or cedar wrought with gold.*---Wonder, awhile,

Tobias held ecstatic : nor refrain'd

From rapturous namings his angelic guide,

* According to Herodotus, the city of Ecbatanè was built by Dejoces, the first king of the Medes : but that author is not accurate in ascribing the honour of its *total* erection to him. His son Phraortes finished and adorned it with such exquisite grandeur, as to excite the wonder and admiration of all who saw it. It was situated on a spacious eminence ; and into it Dejoces convened the whole nation of the Medes, who, aforetime dwelt in caves and miserable huts. What a contrast must such a people have experienced ! once dispersed over the face of the whole country, almost in a state of wild uncultivated nature : then brought to inhabit one of the grandest cities in the world !---Polybius informs us (lib. x.) that it was encompassed with seven walls at equi-distances from each other. The outermost was on the lowest ground, and equal in circumference to that of Athens, i. e. one hundred and seventy-eight furlongs. The rest rose gradually, overtopping each other. Their battlements were of different colours. The first white ; the second black ; the third red ; the fourth blue ; the fifth orange ; the sixth silver ; and the seventh gold. For which reason, Bochart observes, this city was called by the ancients, *Agbata*, signifying, in the Arabian language, *something of different Colours*. The Royal Palace and Treasury, (the former of which was seven furlongs round) stood within the seventh wall. In the Royal abode were displayed all the skill of the architect, and all the magnificence of the Monarch. Some of its beams are said to have been of massive silver, and some of finely-wrought cedar, inlaid with gold.-----See Polybius, lib. x. Calmet's Com. and Dict. Wells's Geography of the Old Testament, v. iii. Stackhouse v. ii.

Who human seem'd, and ne'er on earth beheld
Aught more exciting marvel. What in heav'n, 170
Or grand or fair remember'd, our dull sense,
While clogg'd with mortal clay, cou'd not conceive,
Had he those scenes pourtray'd.--Onward they paced,
Still gazing ; nor had admiration ceas'd
When Raguel's modest mansion met their view. 175
Embosom'd in a dell, serene it rose,
Cloth'd with a mantling vine, whose purple fruit
Hung clustering ; and, high o'er the simple roof,
Wav'd with the playful breeze a stately palm.
Vagrant, amid od'riferous shrubs and flow'rs, 180
Flow'd waters clear as crystal, gushing forth
From fount of marble, and a silvery course
Stole down the vallies. On the margin stray'd,
Attir'd in neatness, Sara, and the pair
Who gave her beauties to th' admiring eye. 185
Slowly, as suiting Age, that pair mov'd on,
Surveying, happy, the delightful scene
Where God had placed them,---stor'd with ev'ry good

The roving eye to please, or warm the heart :
Flow'rs of all scent and hue, and pendent fruits 190
Nectareous,---open lawns, and bowering shades.
These---praise awaken'd and complacent thought
In Sara's parents, as they onward walk'd,---
Regarding her the loveliest flow'r that graced
Their rural garden ; whom they, blessing, pass'd : 195
While, all-contemplative, the purpled sky,
Rich with the splendours of day's setting orb,
She stood admiring,---Him admiring most,
Who form'd what was so glorious. On her cheek
The blush of evening shone---a needless charm : 200
For Nature there its softest roses strew'd
Mid virgin lilies, delicately streak'd
With violets' living purple. O'er her brow,
Placid as summer-lake, when sleeps the breeze,
Locks, bright as gold, in wavy lightness play'd, 205
Shading her eyes' mild lustre, and adown
Shoulders more white than snow, in spiral wreaths
Flow'd lovely. Rang'd in even rows, her teeth,

Like flocks fresh shorn, disparted were in praise ;
And, ever and anon, while, whispering low, 210
She converse held with heav'n, as pearls they shone,
Encas'd in lips of ruby, where fate sweet
An angel's smile, bespeaking inward peace.

Now, all-delighted with the sober charms
Of even-tide, the stranger-guests drew nigh. 215
Them first, with blindest greeting, Sara hail'd,
Gracious; next cordial welcome Raguel gave.
Then softly to his gentle mate, whose arm
Was lock'd in his, said " Edna ! mark the face,
Each line and feature of the younger swain ; 220
And these will Tobit to thy reading eye
Instant recal. That kinsman much lov'd,
Long sever'd from us by misfortune's hand,
How closely in demeanour, form, and speech
Does this same youth resemble !----Tell me, Sirs, 225
Whence come ye ? and to whom in kindred bonds
Are ye allied ?"——"From Nineveh our feet

Have hither journied, and to Rages' plains
Purpose advancing, when refresh'd from toil."
"From Nineveh?" impatient, Raguel cried: 230
"There dwells, I ween, a relative these arms
Long to embrace, and whom my glowing heart
Wou'd gladly welcome. Tobit, Sirs, his name.
If, in that impious city, Worth ye know,
On your minds' tablet doubtless is impress'd 235
That Name rever'd.---Of one I love so well
What tidings can my gentle guests impart?"

"He lives," Tobias said, "and him I boast
My Father."---Raguel bounded at the news,
Enraptur'd; while, adown his manly cheek 240
Tears, from the source of Pleasure welling, flow'd.
Affectionate the blooming youth he kiss'd,
And on his head from holy Heav'n implor'd
A solemn benediction; then address'd
Him thus; "Thou ow'st thy being to a Sire 245
For Honesty and pious Worth renown'd.

Mayst thou in these resemble, as thou dost
In *form* thy Father! tho' that form, I ween
Is chang'd, as mine is, since, in youthful sports
And pious duties we together join'd. 250
---Say, has all-varying Time with iron hand
Wrinkled his ruddy cheek,---his jetty locks
Made hoary,---or his brightly-beaming eye
Robb'd of its lustre?"---"*There*, my gen'rous Friend,
Thy kind enquiring tongue has 'woke a string 255
Which vibrates to my heart. That lustrous eye,
Which spake intelligence and beam'd with truth,
Is quench'd, alas! for ever. Yet tho' dark
The rugged path he traverses thro' life,
Heav'n's favouring sunshine with perennial light 260
Visits his soul, and all is radiance there."

Far other tears than those he recent shed,
Now wash'd the cheek of Raguel. Edna too
Wept, pitying; while, on Sara's vermil cheek,
The bright drops hung,---reluctant to forego 265

Their charming station.---On the new-blown Rose,
That blushes as it meets the eye of day,
Thus shines morn's pearly dew. These beauteous signs
Of Tendernefs---admiring, mark'd the swain,
Whose tale of sorrow mov'd her; and whene'er 270
Their glances met, a kindred passion beam'd
From either's thrilling heart.

Now festal rights,
Tokens of cordial welcome, were prepar'd.---
Pride of the flock, a lordly ram---whose brow
With spiral horns was crown'd---his life-blood pour'd,
To deck the lib'ral table. O'er each face [275
Hilarity diffus'd its brightest smile,
And ev'ry heart was glad: nor least the heart
Of Sara and Tobias; for the pair
Heart seem'd to have but one.--Soon spake the youth
To Azarias thus: " Good Raguel's ear [280
Win to the pleasing theme that sway'd thy tongue,
When, hither journeying, thou didst Sara's charms
Pourtray so truly. Truly? No, ah no!

To paint her charms,---her virtues still more fair, 285
Seraphic speech were needed."

Fleet the act
Of ardent friendship. Raguel's ready ear
Soon heard, well-pleas'd---yet not without alloy
Of fearful apprehension---the fond wish.

Disguise disdaining, he the suitor-swain! 290
Address'd thus courteous: " Kinsman, that by right
Of Law Divine,* my daughter thou may'st claim,

I know full well; and, to confirm thy choice,
To me were bliss. Yet, oh! beware, beware, [295

How thou such claim prefer'st.---What pow'r malign
The damsel's nuptial destiny pursues,

To me is mystery: but let thine heart,
Ere headstrong Passion mock cold Reason's sway,

Learn caution, and forbear to nurse a flame
Within thy bosom, that, to Death's dark shades 300

May premature devote thee.---Hear, then, Youth!

* Numb. xxxvi. 6.

What will astound thee,---tho' my tongue revolt
The horrid tale to tell.---Sev'n comely swains,
In holiest bonds connubial, have their faith
With Sara plighted. He who first her hand 305
In wedlock won, dreamt not of ill; when, lo!
Ere pillow'd he by her's his glowing cheek,
Some fiend infernal, borne on wings of fire,
Stretch'd him a blasted corse!---By Fear uncheck'd,
Another, and another graceful youth,--- 310
Nay, three twice told---my darling daughter's hand,
By fond devotedness of gentle suit,
Sought earnest,---and her primal Lover's fate
Was their's!---Ere tasted one of nuptial bliss,
With direst fury arm'd, the damned fiend 315
Each husband slew! And what, Tobias, say,
Hast thou to shield thee from their frightful doom?---
Nor will thy death be single. To the grave
Will loss of thee the doating pair consign
Who gave thee life: nor wou'd my heart escape, 320
Nor Edna's, no, nor her's (the guiltless cause)

The blow severe which loss of thee would deal,

---Abandon then thy suit ; not unoppos'd

For thy well-being,---thwarting my warm wish

Thus to control thee."

" All," Tobias said, 325

" All that thy warnful lips have trembling told

Brings to mine ear no marvel ; since *before*,

Each tragic circumstance had posting Fame

To Nineveh convey'd ; and much for thee,---

For Edna much, and yonder gentle Maid, 330

Was my young bosom wounded. What I deem'd

An Evil *then*, methinks All-righteous Heav'n

Ordain'd my greatest Good. Without the Maid,

Death were preferr'd to Life ; and, with her, Life

Were bliss. Yet Death---tho' Terror point his dart,

And tho' the fellest imp of envious hell [335

Wing him to view---untrembling will I dare

For Sara's sake.---Then let me meet my doom :

Nor will that doom, if pious Trust in Heav'n

Avail its children aught, be Misery." 340

“Take her,” the hoary sire then weeping said,
“And be thy Trust rewarded! Hither bring
The Maid thou lov’st, and whose requiting Love
Thou sure deserv’st so well.---”

He went, and soon
Into her father’s presence, nothing loth, 345
Led the lov’d Fair; who, guessing wherefore brought,
Look’d like a flow’r which turns from Zephyr’s kiss,
Yet smiles. To whom her Sire: “My duteous Child!
Thy gentle Cousin sues thy soft regard:
Mine he has won; and if Discernment’s light 350
Aid but those eyes, which now in modest guise
Earthward are bent, they will his merits scan.”

---She look’d approbance; while---her hand in his---
He drew her, softly yielding, to the swain:
Then thus---“Tobias, as our sacred Law 355
Fittingly ordains, this unreluctant Maid
Is hence thy wife: and may th’ Almighty’s arm
Protect and bless you!”---Straight the forms prescrib’d
Were duly wrought, and nuptial merriment

Thro' all the mansion reign'd. ———
————— Now o'er the verge 360
Of heav'n's blue vault the Star of Evening rose :
When Edna and her Daughter mingled tears
Of sweet endearment. Longer had they wept,
But chiding Night forbade them. "Go, my Child,
Sigh'd her maternal Guide and tenderest Friend, 365
---Go, and the Eye of Him who guards the Good
Beam constant on thee!"

With sustaining Hope,---
Hope, fraught of Virtue and high Trust in heav'n,
On, to the bridal chamber, soon repair'd
The happy Husband. Mindless not, he went 370
Of Azarias' counsel: but, unquench'd,
Embers, consuming incense rich, he bore
In silver censer; whence breath'd all around
Delicious redolence. On these he flung
The river-monster's liver and his heart,---
Kept, as enjoin'd him by his angel-guide

Thus arm'd, he fearless enter'd : when, behold,
The mansion to its firm foundations deep,
Trembled ! and thro' the apartment roll'd a cloud
Convolv'd and dark ; at intervals, whence shot 380
A fork'd and livid flame athwart the gloom :
But shape he saw not,---and intrepid wav'd
The smoking perfumes ; while his lips effus'd
Far sweeter incense to the Eternal's throne.
---Then, visible, eruptive from the cloud, 385
And yelling in discomfiture---away,
Borne on a whirlwind's wing, mid sulph'rous fire---
The hideous Demon flew. Of Hell's black realms
The grimmeſt Demon he, when uninflam'd
By blasting ire: but *now*---when vengeful Hate 390
And dark Despair his furious passions rous'd,
Thrice tenfold Horrors cloth'd his monstrous form.
Protruded far, his gorgon-eye shot forth
Lightning ! and from his fire-ejecting mouth
Roll'd vollied Thunder---rocking Earth's huge globe.
Uplifted by some Pow'r unseen, whose force, [395

Almighty, made him as a vessel seem
Toss'd by the storm--on outstretch'd plumes he rose,
The affrighted Moon eclipsing !
All-appal'd,
Good Raguel left his sleepless couch in tears, [400
And dug the young man's grave. Meanwhile the Pair,
Mindful of Him who sav'd them, lowly bow'd,
And chanted thus their praises : "Thou, O God!"--
Our Fathers' God and ours, art merciful !
And blessed, ever blessed, be thy Name,
Thy Name, most holy ! Let celestial hosts, 405
And ev'ry creature on the teeming earth
Praise Thee, O worthy to receive all praise !
The praise most due before Thy throne now pour'd
By us, late shielded from the Pow'rs of Hell,
Vanquish'd and routed by Thy Saving Arm : 410
Without that Arm---our means to save--how vain !"

Then Sara paus'd, her tears to wipe away,---
The tears of pious rapture, while the strain

Tobias' manly tongue thus sole prolong'd :
"All Gracious ! Infinite in Pow'r and Love ! 415
Thou mad'st our gen'ral fire, and gav'st him Eve,
An helpmate and a stay ; for Thou declar'st
"It is not good that man shou'd be alone :
Let Us a creature of resembling form,
But softer graces, fashion for his aid." 420
---" Benignant wert Thou in Thy ev'ry gift,---
Benignant most in this,---in this Thy last,
Yet fairest. As, my God ! is Thy high will,
Impell'd by pure affection---not by lust
That marks the bestial race---thy loveliest Work 425
Thus fram'd for wond'ring man, I grateful take.
And, oh ! decree in mercy that, to years
Of hoary age, together we may tread
Life's path in peace ; together constant praise
Thy Goodness Infinite by holy deeds !" 430
---He ceas'd : and Sara, with responding soul,
Pronounc'd " Amen !" --- --- ---

Eastward to Raguel's dome

Stood, Ararat ! thy mount, (where rested sure
That saving Ark, whose multifarious freight
Was chosen pair of every living thing, 435
All-buoyant sailing o'er a perish'd world,
Deep sunk in billowy waters as in sin) *
Around whose summit now, in roseate smiles,
Morn's virgin blush expanded, and, unhorn
By mist or cloud, the beamy Day-Star rose. 440
Yet rose not from their soft connubial bed
The wedded Pair. Alarm still liv'd,
And agoniz'd their father. Thus he spake
To her who shar'd his grief: " My Edna, send
The handmaid of thy household most discreet 445
In act and speech, to where our boding fears
Tell us reposes in the arms of death
Our Son belov'd :---send instant, ere the world
Call forth its busy myriads ; that his corse

* The learned and indefatigable Stackhouse places Ecbatane immediately under Mount Ararat, on whose summit, when the waters of the deluge began to subside, the ark rested.

The ready grave may in its yawning womb 450
Secret receive, and to Oblivion's gulph
Him and his fate consign."

With timid step,
On fearful errand bent, the damsel sought
The bridal chamber. Silence' wakeful ear
Her treadings heard not; which, as flaky snow 455
Noiseless descends, light touch'd the velvet floor.
---Awe-shook she enter'd: when--how swift the flight
Of spectrous Fear!--rejoiced, she instant saw,
In either's arms enfolded, the blest'd Pair
In balmy sleep reposing.---Her return 460
The expectant Parents hail'd: but, oh what tongue
Their rapture e'er can paint, when on her face
Joy's dimpling smile they saw, ere speech declar'd
Their children happy?---Forth from Raguel's lips
(And Edna's heart accordant join'd the strain) 465
Thus Praise spontaneous burst---"Almighty Sire!
From saints and seraphim, in choirs above,
Worthy art Thou of pure and holy praise,
And from all earthly creatures. Meet from me,

Most meet, as from an altar high surcharg'd 470
With costliest gifts, shou'd hallow'd incense rise.
For, from thy servant's dwelling, lo! thine arm
Has ill averted, and my troubled soul
To gladness tun'd. A virtuous youth that arm
Has hither guided---one who Thee adores--- 475
And mated to our daughter, offspring sole,
As he of his fond parents.---Mercy, Lord!
Show'r on them! health, and joy abundant show'r!
Till their Age-honour'd forms are cluster'd round
With blooming pledges of their children's love,-- 480
Them making blest'd, tho' hoary."

Solemn pause

Here seemly follow'd. Then, with aspect bright,
The mock'd abyss of Death, the yawning grave,
Delv'd recent by his hand, he joyous bade
His willing servants fill, and mirth prepare, 485
Lasting as half the term of Night's pale queen,
Which now, full-orb'd, in silvery splendour reign'd.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT

OF

THE THIRD PART.

Filial Piety---exemplified in the conduct of Tobias, who, though in full fruition of connubial bliss, feels the liveliest solicitude lest his long absence should prove a source of grief to his parents. He therefore requests Azarias to proceed to Rages, who cheerfully complies,---executes his commission---and brings Gabael with him to celebrate the nuptials of Tobias and Sara at Ecbatanè. In the mean while Tobit and Anna are alarmed respecting the safety of their son. The maternal grief of Anna described. Raguel endeavours in vain to prevail on Tobias to prolong his stay---his parting address to his daughter---Edna's to Tobias. The departure of the newly-married pair, with their train of attendants---their journey towards Nineveh. When at no great distance from that city, Azarias proposes that he and Tobias shall precede Sara, &c. to prepare her father and mother-in-law for her arrival. An evening view of their dwelling---Anna, seated at its door, anxiously looks for the Return of her son--he approaches, and is recognized at some distance. A tender interview. Tobit is restored to sight, and gives glory to God---goes to meet his daughter-in-law to the gate of the city---his salutation. A season of festivity again observed on the happy occasion. A conference between the father and son respecting the remuneration of Azarias. Tobias' generous proposal acceded to by his father, and communicated to Azarias, who, reassuming his angelic character, appears in uncommon beauty---informs them that he is Raphael, a commissioned messenger of heaven to do what he has done for their welfare--gives them various instructions, and vanishes from their sight,---the sweetest music attending him in his ascent to the seats of celestial glory. An hymn of praise, predictive of the future prosperity of Judah and grandeur of Jerusalem. Tobit's decline---last counsel to his son---and death. His aged partner soon follows him to the grave---their respective interment. Tobias and Sara depart, with their children, from Nineveh---live in honour and happiness with Raguel at Ecbatanè---where, after attaining a good old age, they close their earthly existence.

TOBIAS,
A
SACRED POEM.

PART THE THIRD.

TO duteous deeds no respite Filial-Love
Knows or desires. A Parent's bidding 'wakes
Thought, Energy, and Will; which all impel
To action,---coveting no other meed
Than fond approval, and the smile of Heav'n. 5
---What will not Filial-Piety forego,
A Father's breast to cheer? whose hand has toil'd,
Nor yet e'er deem'd it toil, his children's days
To bless. What will not Filial-Love forego,
A Mother's tender bosom to requite 10
For all the throbbing pangs it keenly felt,

What time the embryo-man the sorrowing bare?
---Is aught enjoyment that imparts distress
To those who gave us being?—Pause, O Youth!
Who wring't their heart with anguish, and who plant't
Untimely wrinkles in their tear-wash'd cheek; 15
Who, ere the winter of Old Age arrive,
Doth shed around their aching temples snow:
Oh! pause, and duly think of them and thee;---
Of Them thou'rt hurrying, like a monster, down,
Relentless to the grave;---of Thee, for whom 20
Thou'rt treasuring Destruction.---What! at once
A Self-Destroyer and a Parricide?
Enormous Guilt!---Awake, awake from Sin:
It is a lethargy that 'numbs the soul,
And robs it of sensation. Quit the path 25
Fictitious flow'rs bestrew, where, cowering, lies
A serpent that will sting thee, and whose wound
Is death. To Virtue's consecrated walk
Instant betake thee, where her votaries, few,

Onward proceed, in pleasantness and peace, 30

From earth to heav'n.

In that far better path

Journied th' ingenuous Youth whose bridal hour

And wondrous rescue from the Pow'rs of Hell,

So late we sung. In happiness supreme,

Lo! now his wedded moments sweetly glide; 35

While Female-Loveliness, and festal scenes

Preclude all care. And yet, *devoid* of care,

Say, lives Tobias for a Father's weal?

Ah, no. His kind associate, friend, and guide

Address'd he courteous thus: "The passing days, 40

Good Azarias! well, full well, I know

My Parents count in sorrow, while my feet

Here fondly linger, and my Sara's fire

Has, with an oath, my further movement barr'd,

Till twice sev'n suns have faded. What can I? 45

His generous purpose thwart?---The deed were base.

But then my own lov'd Father's gentle heart,

And her's who bare me, do I rudely wrong.

---Thy Kindness will befriend me ; and the thorn,---
The only thorn that, in the rosy wreath 50
Which twines about me, tender pain inflicts,
Out-pluck, and leave me all-embower'd in blifs.
——To Gabael hence, my more than Brother ! go.
Nor be the debt thy object sole to gain ;
But hither, too, the worthy debtor bring : 55
Bring Gabael's self ; that he with us may share
Our nuptial joy."

As hies the flock, at morn,
To vernant pasture from the hurdled fold,
Instant, to Rages, Azarias steer'd
His willing way.---Arriv'd, the written pledge, 60
With quick dispatch was cancel'd by the sum
Told duly to a doit. For when pervades
Integrity the breast, no plea is heard
Fraught with deceptive guile to baffle Right,—
The plea alone of knaves. An honest man 65
Unlocks his coffers to discharge a debt,
With heart as much consenting, as he heaps

More to his growing thousands. Gabael thus :
And cordial welcome to the youth he gave ;
Happy to greet him, as if he the sum 70
Had brought, not ta'en away.---Ere sleep's soft hours
Invited them their wearied eyes to close,
Of his long-absent Brother much his tongue
Affectionate enquir'd ; and kind resolve
Speedy declar'd Tobias' nuptial days 75
To gladden with his presence, soon as Rest,
Sweet to the way-worn traveller, shou'd refresh
His pleasing Visitant ; whose ardent zeal
Wish'd quick departure.---Scarce had morn's shrill bird
Summon'd the peasant to his rural task, 80
When Sleep forsook their eye-lids. First to Heav'n
Their orisons they pour'd ; then---short repast
Partaken---blithe pursued their destin'd way.

Now, thro' the Median plains, to where the hours
With feathery foot, in circling dance, slid by 85
The wedded pair, thick scattering roseate flow'rs,

Repair'd the social friends; and with them stray'd
Soul-cheering Pleasantness, companion meet
Of Virtue. Yet not always on the Good
Is Pleasantness attendant. From the roof 90
Of pious Tobit she had tarried long.
Each day brought flattering hope, that, ere its close,
His aged arms would clasp his dear-lov'd son.
Still came he not; and sickening dark mistrust
Sate heavy on his heart. The tender fears 95
Of Anna, scorning Reason's sage controul,
Thus gave to Woe a tongue: "Alas! my Son,
Childless is now thy mother. Naught of charm
Has Life for me, since Thou, whose presence pour'd
Around me Joy, art dead!"——In vain, to soothe 100
Her anguish'd bosom, strove her calmer mate.
Day after day, she solitary stray'd
Along the highway path her son's last steps
Had mark'd, departing. Homeward then she turn'd
Disconsolate, with unavailing tears 105
Watering the ground. In vain did daintiest food

Court her reception. O'er the untasted meal
 Silent she hung ; or only Silence' reign
 Invaded with an oft-repeated sigh.
 In vain did Night oblivious shadows bring : 110
 Sweet Sleep its poppy sceptre fail'd to wave
 Around her aching head.* Longer had rul'd

* The impatience of a fond Parent towards a long absent child, is no where, perhaps, so beautifully described, as in the inimitable Parable of the Prodigal Son. The words "*When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him,*" are, in tenderness, without a parallel. Horace also thus finely describes the inquietude of a mother resulting from the same cause :

Ut mater juvenem, quem notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dulci distinet a domo,
 Votis omnibus hunc et precibus vocat,
 Curvo nec faciem littore demovet.

Carm. lib. iv. od. 5.

..40..

A free Translation.

As some fond mother, near the winding shore,
 Which ocean's billows lash with deaf'ning roar,
 From the wide world of waters ne'er removes
 Her tearful eye, that asks the son she loves ;
 That son, whom envious hyperborean gales
 Keep from his happy home. Each Pow'r she hails
 With fervent eloquence, in pious pray'r,
 While her soft bosom throbs with agonizing Care.

L. B.

Sorrow's despotic queen, had not the term—
Twice sev'n revolving suns—from Raguel's oath
Her darling son set free. Each soft constraint, 115
The finish'd term to lengthen Raguel tried,
To stay his eager feet, fresh sandal'd now
For home-bound journey. "Let me go," he cried,
"To those who mourn my absence, unappriz'd
Of what high blifs has visited their son: 120
Blifs, that were worse than misery, if my stay
Them plunge in sorrow."—"To their anxious ear,"
Raguel replied, "shall light-wing'd tidings speed,
And glad them with the welfare of their son."
---"Ah no!" the duteous youth impatient said, 125
"Let me embrace them, and let their fond arms
Encircle me and this my charming bride;
Who, in their Love, endearment soft shall find,
Warm as what glows within her mother's breast,
And thine, her generous Sire's."

When naught avail'd 130
Solicitation, Raguel to his heart

The gentle pair once more alternate press'd,
And, blessing them, exclaim'd: " My children dear,
May He who dwells in yonder azure heav'ns
A prosperous journey fend you !---And do thou, 135
My daughter, who from Duty's holy path
Ne'er devious stray'd, nor one heart-goadng pang
To this thy Mother, or to me e'er gav'st
Unkindly---now like Reverence bear to those
Who soon will greet thee with parental love, 140
And clasp thee as their child. That love return.
Yet cease not us to harbour in thy thoughts,
Whose pray'rs will ne'er omit thy Name, while breath
Is ours to waft it to the throne of heav'n."

Then Edna said: " My husband's tender speech 145
Has cloth'd my soul's soft meaning. Yet, my son!
One parting charge Maternal-Fondness prompts
My tongue to give thee---needed not, perchance,
By thy true manly heart. This, this the sum.
Benignly as the vernal Sun looks down 150

On some fair flow'r, too delicate to bear
A frowning sky, cherish my child. For, lo!
To thee, in special trust, we her consign.
Love her as thine own frame: and, blest'd by Heav'n,
Again may we behold you circled round 155
With blooming pledges of affection sweet,
Favour'd of God, and favourites of man!"

Again his daughter's willing hand the fire
Lock'd in her joyous mate's, and liberal gave
Of flocks and herds, and Ophir's shining gold 160
Full half his ample store,---a princely dow'r!
He gave too, what these gifts with bliss might crown--
His pious Blessing; fervent thrice implor'd
From all-dispensing Heav'n. Nor was withheld
By Gabael what bespoke a kinsman's heart 165
Warm in the welfare of the gentle pair.
While flow'd his parting tears, an offering kind
Swell'd the rich treasures which obedient hands
Bore to the ready cars.---His homeward way

Then took Tobias, happy, 'mid a train 170
Of blithe attendants : some exalted high
On stately camels,---some on lowlier mules
Seated rejoicing, marvelling at scenes
And things unnoted or unseen before.
Oft cast their master a complacent look 175
On the way-faring troop : but ofttest fell
His eyes' soft lustre on the peerless charms
Of Sara : while, in silent praise, his soul
Mounted to heav'n, whose all-propitious hand
Had on him show'r'd such blessings.--So the swain, 180
Who doubting prosperous issue to his toils,
When gave he to the furrow'd glebe his grain,
Eyes his thick crops of undulating gold,
And sings for joy ; while one surpassing field,
Skirted with roses and Acacia's bloom, 185
Awakens rapture.---Gladness thus the breast
Fill'd of Tobias, as he journied on
Homeward, impatient : when, majestic, lo !
Enormous Nineveh, descry'd afar,

Rose to his view. Then Azarias thus: 190

“ Full well, my friend! thy father’s hapless state
Thou know’st,---his visual orbs with scales obscur’d :

Thy gentle mate, then, and this menial train,

Let us outstep ; that all things may be meet

For their reception. And of that dire fish 195

Which thee assail’d in ‘Tigris’ rapid stream,

The gall forget not. For the darken’d eyes

Of thy lov’d Sire shall, when its potent touch

Has them anointed, brighten into sight.

Joy will his bosom warm, this goodly scene 200

Again to view : but chief Thee to behold,

His son, in safety, and with spouse so fair---

Unlook’d for---blest’d ; whose lovely form will add

Charm to the name of Daughter.”--“ All thy speech,”

Tobias said, “ is Wisdom’s oracle ; and ev’ry act 205

Bespeaks thee agent of her sov’reign will.”

He ceas’d ; and instant, with his sapient Friend
Advancing, hied along,---his faithful dog

Attendant fole, which from its master's fide
Stray'd never. Intimation firft the youth 210
Imparted to his blooming bride, who rein'd
Her dappled mule with foft-reftaining hand,
And flowly follow'd. Yet her radiant eyes
No pause endur'd; but, till the winding way
Mock'd their purfuit, fled with her lord.

Now Eve 213

Dight in her dewy fheen, thro' all the air
Breath'd fweetnefs, and, in curling volumes blue,
The vapoury fmoke o'ertopp'd the fpreading tree
That shaded Tobit's cot. In penfive mood
Sate Anna at its door,---her anxious eye 220
Bent on the path that robb'd her of her Son.
Juft had fhe wip'd a gufhing tear away
That dimm'd its pow'r,---when, to her eager gaze
Appear'd his well-known form. "He comes, fhe
cried, [225
"My Son! my Son!" And, instant fpeeding forth,

Fell on his neck, and, mingling happy tears
With his, exclaim'd, " Now if my life's last hour
Were clos'd---without a murmur cou'd I die,
Again since I behold thee."---At the sound
Of his lov'd Son's delightful name, uprose 230
The fightless Father, and impatient ran
To press him to his heart. But all around
Darkness prevailing, and no friend to guide---
He, stumbling---on the hard and flinty earth
Precipitous had fall'n, had not the youth 235
On agile foot bounded---and in his arms
Sav'd him from ill. Then, salutation done,
The gall, as Azarias bade, he pass'd
Athwart his unperceiving eyes, and said,
" My Father, hope in God : " ---when, lo ! away 240
Their filmy whiteness vanish'd, and he saw
His duteous son, rejoicing.---Now stream'd tears
From those relumin'd orbs, erewhile obscur'd
In darkness ; tears, by ecstasy propell'd
From their deep-hidden fount, fast by the heart. 245

Reclining on the youth he lov'd so well,
His eyes' first lustre to restoring Heav'n
He grateful offer'd, silent; then thus pour'd
The tribute of his tongue: "O Thou who sit'st
Enthron'd in Light ineffable, divine, 250
Surrounded with bright hosts of spirits blest,
Angels, and seraphim, which hymn thy praise!
Blessed Thou art, and blessed be thy Name,
Thro' endless ages!--Thy correcting hand
In mercy smote me, that thy marv'lous pow'r 255
Might in me shine præeminent, and that Grief---
Transient as summer evening's rainbow-show'r---
Might be ensued by Joy."

Then, happy heard
The wondering father what high bliss kind Heav'n
Had to his son dispens'd; and, gladsome, went 260
To greet the coming bride. The city's gate
Scarce had he pass'd, when, tended by her train,
Approach'd the lovely Stranger. Her he hail'd
With soft salute---then thus: "Welcome thou com'st,

My child ! and blest'd be Virtue's favouring God, 265
Who hither brought thee ! Blest'd, too, be the Pair,
Thy Father and thy Mother ! who uprear'd
Such Worth and Beauty for my darling Son."

Festivity again the nuptial deed
Recorded, and, while sev'n revolving suns 270
The day enliven'd, reign'd. Rejoicing friends
Flock'd round and marvel'd much at sight restor'd
To aged Tobit. These he told 'twas GOD
Who from his eyes had Darkness chas'd away,
And Sorrow from his soul.

The festal term 275
Now ended, to his son, thus spake the sire !
" See that thy faithful Friend and Guide his meed
Lib'ral receive." Prompt answer made the son :
" O father ! Azarias' matchless Worth
Too feeble is my tongue in pow'r, to tell. 280
Me guided he in safety ; kept unharm'd
My life from that dread monster of the deep,

Whose gall---with heav'n's own blessing---gave thee
fight :

And, from a monster far more dread, he sav'd
Thy son ; from Demon the most dire that Hell 285
Disgorges from its adamantine gates.

----Had Azarias---more than Brother kind---
Prescrib'd no means preservative, the fiend,
Flaming with ire, a blasted corse had stretch'd
'Thy only child. Then say, if half the dow'r 290
I boast with my lov'd Sara, be unmeet
For such distinguish'd service?"---" Good, my son !
The worthy swain bring hither, and perform
Thy grateful wish."

He came, and heard, well pleas'd,
Their gen'rous purpose ; then apart he led 295
Them to a scene sequester'd, which no foot
Might tread intrusive,---no rude eye profane.
It was a garden where commingling sweets,
Breath'd from innum'rous flow'rs, fill'd all the air,
And shadowy trees with luscious fruits were hung. 300

---There, ere he spake, amaz'd, with radiant light
They saw his brow encircled, and his form
Assume surpassing grace. On either cheek
Sate more than mortal beauty,---bloom more soft
Than tint of dewy rose. Benignant Love 305
Beam'd from his piercing eye; and lustrous wings,
Whiter than cygnet's down, expanding grew
On his fair shoulders. Round him was a robe
Cerulean wreath'd, of gossamer---instinct
With stars of living light and dropt with gold. 310
While through the ambient air such sweetness stole,
That earth seem'd heav'n.

Prone on their faces, fell
The wondering sire and son: when, mild as blows
The whispering zephyr at the vernal morn,
These accents met their ear; "Arise, my Friends! 315
The friends of God and man! and fear no ill.
Raphael am I, the Messenger of Heav'n;
One of its holy Angels which present
The pray'rs of saints before the glorious throne

Of the Most High. Thine, Tobit ! when Distress 320
And Blindness wrung thy heart, I pitying bore
To yonder seat of Mercy. Frequent still
Intreat the Sov'reign Ear of Boundless Love.
Pray'r has ascending wings which soar to heav'n.
Like that vast ladder, by the Patriarch kenn'd 325
In visionary dream, with angels throng'd,
Pray'r opes communion free, from needy man
To Bounty's God, and brings his Blessings down.

But mindful be ye, that from bosoms pure,
Or throbbing with Compunction's chastening pang,
The sacred incense rise : and let bright Faith [330
With fervid flame enkindle it---or, void
Of vital spirit, lifeless, down to earth
Will sink the unhallow'd offering.---Alms give wings
To Supplication. Better 'tis to bless 335
'The famish'd Poor, than bury dormant gold
In sordid coffer, cankering with disuse ;
Like a putrescent stercoracious mass,

Naught, save rank weeds, producing. But impart
That mass putrescent to the hungry fields,--- 340

There see it scatter'd by the rustic swain,
While tepid show'rs descend---and lo ! soon smiles
Fertility in mantle green, around.

---An emblem this of gold diffus'd : and hence
Its moral worth let hoarding misers learn. 345

Well dealt, it blesses : to the poor man's heart,
With Sorrow chill'd, and clouded with Despair,
Imparting gladness.—Tobit ! when thy board
Was crown'd with Plenty, thou this duteous youth
Didst send to seek the hungry, and them bring 350
To share Heav'n's Goodness. And the gen'rous deed
Heav'n mark'd approving. So, when unappall'd
By cruel menace or vindictive Hate,
The mangled Dead to decent sepulture
Thou bor'st humanely---Heav'n, whose eye ne'er
sleeps, 355
Beheld thee, and on its eternal roll
The pious act recorded. Deeds like these

Have made thy Friend the Almighty; whose behest
To guard thy son from danger, and to lead
Him on to nuptial bliss---glad I obey'd. 360
That Friend, regarding thee, too, in distress,
Bade me on thy long-darken'd eye-balls pour
The bright effulgence of delightful day,
And give thee to behold with raptur'd gaze
The lovely face of Nature,---lovelier still 365
The roll of Inspiration, teaching man
His origin and end.---The term now clos'd
Of my sojourn in this terrestrial sphere,
I go to Him who sent me,---in His courts
To minister; where Pleasures reign too vast 370
For man's conception, till his cumbrous mould
He lay aside, and through yon golden gates,
Which now invite my entrance, wing his way
To live in bliss for ever."——Here he ceas'd,
And lo! while, reverent, the astonish'd pair 375
Adoring bow'd, far-beaming glories shone
Around their angel-guest: when, upward borne,

Majestic, in a flood of amber light
He vanish'd ! Then, harmonious thro' the air
Was heard celestial minstrelsy, more sweet 380
Than aught that charms the ear in wood or grove,
Or mortal choir symphonious, finely tun'd
And swelling to the organ's choral sound---
Lifting the soul to Heav'n.---Awe-struck, uprose
The human pair, sole auditors, and wide 385
Proclaim'd aloud the marvel,---praising God.

Nor pour'd was evanescent praise alone
By grateful Tobit. In abiding lines,
To after ages left he lofty hymn,
With energy thus fraught, and warmth divine : 390
“Bless'd be the Eternal, and His kingdom bless'd !
Who ne'er afflicts his children but in love,
And to the borders of Death's dark domain
Them frequent leads in mercy, that to health
Again, obedient, he may them restore : 395
When, in their hallow'd dwellings, Joy's glad voice

Tuneful shall rise.---O Israel! Him confess
Before the nations, ignorant of His Name:
Amid whose idol-altars we are doom'd
To stray forsaken,---scatter'd by His arm 400
For countless sins. Those sins if ye bemoan,
And, penitent, to Him who finites you turn---
As His bright emblem, yon meridian Sun,
From dark clouds, oft, with renovated beams
Bursts on a dreary world---his gladdening face 405
Again will shine upon you. As pure gold
The furnace separates from unvalued dross,
He will collect our lorn and sever'd tribes
Out of the scoffing nations, which oppress
Our abject race, and brighter bid return 410
Fal'n Salem's glory. His prophetic page,
In cheering promise, thus sublimely speaks:
What tho' from Zion's and my people's woes
Long time I turn'd, abhorrent of their crimes,
Yet prosp'rous days, behold, again I bring,--- 415
Peace, peace abundant, and unfailing joy.

Judah's captivity severe shall cease,
And Israel's greatness once again return.
Pardon'd of sin, in purity and bliss,
The voice of gratulation they shall raise 420
In Salem's streets,---those streets which, now so drear,
Fell Desolation scours of man and beast.
Mid heapy spoils of palaces and domes,
Where trembling Dread uninterrupted reigns,---
Or whose dull reign, all-silent as the tomb, 425
Is interrupted only by the blast
That wings the storm, or by the horrid shriek
Of Night's lone bird,---e'en there the choral song
Of Gladness shall resound. Where stretches wide
Confusion her long line o'er massive stones--- 430
The sculptur'd fragments of once gorgeous piles---
Now moss'd by Time, and with each noisome weed
Rudely o'ergrown; where hideous satyrs dance,
While the queen-owl by moonlight holds her court,
And bitterns huge and cormorants mope around; 435
Where the gaunt vulture, hovering, screams for food.

While desert-monsters, in tremendous ire,
Growl o'er the mangled carcase ; there, e'en there
Again, so grand, shall beauteous Order rise,
That what was glorious once, from Mem'ry's
roll, 440
As undeserving note, like some faint dream
Shall fleeting fade away.---With Plenty crown'd,
Sion, imperial seat of Heav'n's own King!
Wide o'er the teeming earth thy fair domain
Shall spread, illimitable,---bastion'd walls, 445
And strong munitions, fruit of human toil,
Needed no more : for round thee Might divine
Shall raise, impregnable, a wall of Fire !
Terrific Spectacle to ev'ry eye
That views thy weal with hostile aim malign ! 450
But to thy children, whom its circling flame
Encloses, all-protective, shall it seem
A Miracle of Glory ! shedding light
Soft and benign as Evening's solar beam,
That blends its lustre with the vernal show'r. 455

---So, to th' assailant's spear, in Parthian wilds,
The cavern'd lioness stern defiance bids,
And from her eye-balls Fury's reddening flame
Flashes! while on her young she fondly turns
Affection's tender glance.---Decrepid Age, 460
The tottering Ruin of what once was Man,
Within thee, happy City! shall no more
E'er shock the sight: yet in thine ev'ry haunt
So full of years shall hoary Age be seen,
That, bending with the venerable load, 465
A seemly staff shall grace its sinewy hand:
But, vigorous in each mental faculty,
It shall exhibit to the charmed eye
A Monument for Wonder! on its brow
Tho' Time shed snow, and furrows deep indent, 470
That brow shall wear its smile,—amus'd to see
Gay troops of blooming youths, bright nymphs and
 swains,
In sportive revelry or mazy dance
Crown with felicity the closing day..

Nor shall the verdant hills which round thee rise 475
As sheltering guardians by th' Almighty placed,
Want their peculiar charms ; but the rapt ear
Shall they salute with shepherds' rustic lays
While flocks unnumber'd whiten all the plain.

The nuptial carol, too, shall oft proclaim 480
Tidings of love successful, love sincere,—
And in each dwelling lively-hearted Joy
Lift her inspiring notes in dulcet song.
Divinest harmony shall Judah bless,—
Divinest praises fill the sounding courts 485
Of Him who bade Captivity expire,
And smiling Freedom hail the happy land.*

* It is unnecessary to inform the biblical reader that all between line 410 and line 487 is matter to which there is nothing correspondent in the Book of Tobit; but that the imagery is chiefly derived from the divine pages of ancient prophecy; with which the pious father of Tobias must have been well acquainted. The manner in which that imagery is introduced, making him the medium through which it is given, the author presumes will shield it from the charge of inconsistency. Were he uninfluenced by a desire that no part of his poem should merit such a charge,
he

Then, O my exil'd fellows ! scorn despair,
And tune your voices to the Eternal's praise.
Him, tho' far-sever'd from my native plains,— 490
An alien scoff'd in thraldom—fearless, Him
Does my tongue celebrate,—His boundless Love,
His Majesty and Might---to ears unus'd
To such high themes ; to sinners, all-estrang'd
From God and Goodness,---at an idol's shrine 495
Who bow infatuate.—Oh, admonish'd, turn,
Ye erring mortals ! turn to Nature's LORD :
And, His behests obeying, who can say
He will not on you with benignant eye
Look down, and in his wide-encircling arms 500
Embrace you gracious ?—— O paternal King !
Whate'er my lot, Thee my unfetter'd soul,

he would gladly have enriched the passage, descriptive of the future glory of Jerusalem, from the inspired writings of St. John, in the Apocalypse ; particularly by certain grand images contained in the two last chapters of that sublime and darkly-mysterious production : images which are distinguished perhaps, for greater magnificence than any thing else in the Sacred Volume, and to which there is nothing comparable in the finest works of human genius.

In aspirations jubilant, shall hail.
Nor Salem ! holy city ! oft redeem'd
From hostile rage by his Almighty Arm, 505
Do thou his praise to celebrate refuse.
---What tho' he scourge thee for thy foul misdeeds ;
It is in mercy : yet his lifted rod
Instant thy penitential tears will stay ;
And, as a father's heart in pity melts 510
For his repentant child, with tenderest love
He will embrace thee,—changing grief to joy.
Thy ruin'd temple, where, effulgent, dwelt
His saving Presence, in thee shall arise
With added glory ; and from far shall come, 515
Bearing for Judah's Monarch costliest gifts,
The thronging nations. High thy palaces
Again shall tow'r, beaming with purest gold,
Sapphires, and emeralds, and every gem.
Thy peopled streets with beryl shall be pav'd, 520
With jasper, and pyropus' fiery stone,

And all thy crouded ways shall shouting sing

“Salvation! Solyma, redeem’d, thus lifts

To her Eternal King eternal praise!”

And blest’d be they who in thy weal rejoice: 525

Who mourn’d thy woes; and, when thou wert chaf-
tis’d,

Felt the keen chastisement’s afflictive pangs

Throb in their soul:---for ever blest’d with thee,

Shall these rejoice, and all thy glory share.”

He ceas’d; yet oft resum’d the lofty song, 530

While sublunary scenes his aged feet

Trod trembling. When with fellow-faints above,

Sublimar strains, amid cherubic hosts,

To their high harpings, he enraptur’d sang.

—But ere translated to the blissful seats 535

Of Light unfading, he a blooming race

Beheld around his venerable form,—

His children’s children, an obedient train;

Renewing, emulous, his various Worth,
Their parents' virtues and corporeal charms. 540

Year after year roll'd on, and each more fit
Made him for glory ; till the silver cord,
Loosen'd by Time's dissolving hand, forgot
Its wonted office ; till the golden bowl,
That holds the treasures of the reasoning brain, 545
Was well-nigh broken, and the wond'rous wheel
That winds the life-blood from the copious heart,
Slowly revolv'd : then, then the pious sage
Read, in these solemn monitory signs,
The coming hour of death's all-closing sleep. 550

---Nature fast ebb'd : but yet the pow'r of speech
Forsook not his pale lips. These parting words,
Seated amid his kindred, he address'd
With tenderest accent to his heedful son,
What time old reverend Age's honours grey 555
Shook on his palsied head : " I feel, my son,

The hand of death press on me. While remains
Enough of tremulous speech, oh let me warn
Thee far from this devoted land to fly :

And bear with thee to Media's happy plains 560

Each dear-lov'd Relative. For soon I ween
Shall Nineveh's vast city be no more.

Where now her idol-temples proudly tow'r,
Shall Vengeance smoke, and Ruin's mighty hand
With nameless horrors strew the frightful scene. 565

---Fly, then, my son ! the coming judgments fly,
Soon as the grave demands my old remains,

Now render'd worthless, from a century's wear,

And more : a period long, when backward looks

Remembrance o'er unnumber'd sorrows. Long, 570

If thro' the chequer'd journey Goodness paced

Beside the woe-worn pilgrim. But, alas !

Of that attendant, cloth'd in heav'n's own robe,

I little boast ; and, at this dark'ning hour,

Leave all to Mercy ; whose approving smile, 575

My son ! by just, humane, and holy deeds,
Strive to secure ; and on thee rest, and thine,
God's Blessing !"——Here articulation fail'd ;
And soft as falls the pearly tears of eve
On opening roses, his last tender words 580
Descended on each fondly-listening ear,
And thence into the heart.---No more he spake :
For Death sat lovely on his pallid cheek,
Closing with lenient hand his heav'n-ward eyes ;
Eyes bright with visions of celestial bliss. 585
---Mute all around the kindred-mourners stood,
And mark'd the dying saint ; while from each breast
That heav'd with grief, arose the holy wish
Like him to die.----Ere long, again was press'd
The bier funereal with the wreck of death,--- 590
The pale remains of Tobit's widow'd mate.
---As when two citrons of coeval birth,
Together ripen on one bending bough,
Oft will young Zephyr with its balmy breath

Them, mellow'd by the seasons, jointly shake 595
On earth's green lap : so far'd it with the Pair,---
The venerable Pair whose nuptial lot
Erewhile we sang.

 Soon where her Tobit lay,
The faithful Anna slept ;---*one grave their bed,---*
One verdant sod their mingling wedded dust 600
*Soft covering.**---Such the solemn fond request
Of Tobit, utter'd in Affliction's hour,
What time Adversity and Blindness leagu'd
To plunge him in despair.---That grave their son
With Filial Duty's tender tear bedew'd : 605
Then journied slow, with oft-reverted eye,
Tow'rds Raguel's distant home,---his partner fair,
And prattling little ones beguiling sweet
His sorrows by the way. Arriv'd, new scenes,---
New friends and hopes the pensive mourner cheer'd :
And ere twelve moons had mark'd his nightly tears,

• See page 13.

His bleeding breast was heal'd. Then fleetly pass'd
The circling hours. Then Happiness around
Spread ever-smiling sweets, till hoary Age
Bow'd him and his lov'd helpmate to the dust, 615
In unperceiv'd decay, without a pang;
On earth lamented by the Good, and bless'd
With secret foretaste of the joys of heaven.



A List of the author's other Publications.

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* * * Such of these as are not out of print may be had at the Printer's and Publishers of the present work.

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